Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cryes,
Euen from the tongueleſſe Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iuſtice, and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my diſcent,
This Arme ſhall do it, or this Life be ſpent.

King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what ſayſt thou to this?

Mowb. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this ſlaunder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foule a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearenes to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnſtooping firmeneſſe of my vpright ſoule:
He is our ſubiect Mowbray, ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and feareleſſe I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat thou lyeſt:
Three partes of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburſt I to his highneſſe Souldiours;
The other part reſerud I, by conſent,
For that my Soueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I ſlew him not, but to mine owne diſgrace
Neglected my ſworne duetie in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaſter,

Line 30 Disburst I duly to . 36 my own .

The honourable Father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life;
A treſpaſſe that doth vexe my greeued ſoule:
Ah, but ere I laſt receiu'de the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeald,
It iſſues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and moſt degenerate Traitour;
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening traitours foote,
To prooue my ſelfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the beſt blood chamberd in his boſome:
In haſte whereof, moſt hartily I pray
Your highneſſe to aſſigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentleman, be ruled by
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This we preſcribe, though no Phiſition:
Deepe Malice makes too deepe inciſion:
Forget, forgiue; conclude, and be agreed;
Our Doctors ſay, this is no month to bleed:
Good Vncle, let this end, where it begunne;
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your ſ

Gaunt. To be a make-peace, ſhall become m
Throw downe (my ſonne) the Duke of Norfo

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harrie, when? obedience bid
Obedience bids I ſhould not bid againe.

King. Norfolke, throw downe we bid, ther

Mowb. My ſelfe I throw (dread ſoueraigne
My life thou ſhalt commaund; but not my ſha
The one my duetie owes; but my faire name,
Deſpight of Death that liues vpon my Graue;
To darke Diſhonours vſe, thou ſhalt not hau
I am diſgraſte, impeacht, and baffuld heere;
Pierſt to the ſoule with Slaunders venomd ſp
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart bl

To

Line 11 my gage . 12 Upon h
28 When Harry? when ob